

## BURNING THE DEAD.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE EXPLAINS THE HINDOO CREED.

No Comparison Between Heathen Beliefs and the Christian Faith—A City of Idols—India's Religious Stronghold Being Undermined by Efforts of Missionaries.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today delivered the third of his series of round the world sermons through the press, the subject being "The Burning of the Dead," and the text: "They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them."—Psalm cxv, 7, 8.

The life of the missionary is a luxurious and indolent life. Hindooism is a religion that ought not to be interfered with. Christianity is guilty of an impertinence when it invades heathendom. You must put in the same line of reverence Brahma, Buddha, Mohammed and Christ. To refute these slanders and blasphemies now so prevalent and to spread out before the Christian world the contrast between idolatrous and Christian countries I preach this third sermon in my round the world series.

In this discourse I take you to the very headquarters of heathendom, to the very capital of Hindooism, for what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Benares, India, is to the Hindoo. We arrived there in the evening, and the next morning we started out early, among other things to see the burning of the dead. We saw it, cremation, not as many good people in America and England are now advocating it—namely, the burning of the dead in clean and orderly and refined crematory, the hot furnace soon reducing the human form to a powder to be carefully preserved in an urn—but cremation as the Hindoos practice it.

We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four of them women wrapped in red garments and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastened, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed on large scales, according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks can be afforded, and the dead body is burned only a little and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well to do an abundance of wood in pieces four or five feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandalwood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse, and it is bathed with water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grease sufficient to make everything inflammable is put on the wood and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the richest men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and after the priest has mumbled a few words, the eldest son walks three times around the sacred pile and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which the relatives throw into the Ganges.

### The Sacred River.

We saw floating past us on the Ganges the body of a child which had been only partly burned because the parents could not afford enough wood. While we watched the floating form of the child a crowd alighted upon it. In the meantime hundreds of Hindoos were bathing in the river, dipping their heads, filling their mouths, supplying their brass cups, muttering words of so called prayer. Such a mingling of superstition and loathsomeness and inhumanity I had never before seen. The Ganges is to the Hindoo the best river of all the earth, but to me it is the vilest stream that ever rolled its stench in horror to the sea. I looked all along the banks for the mourners for the dead.

I saw in two of the cities nine cremations, but in no case a sad look or a tear. I said to friends: "How is this? Have the living no grief for the dead?" I found that the women do not come forth on such occasions, but that does not account for the absence of all signs of grief. There is another reason more potent. Men do not see the faces of their wives until after marriage. They take them upon recommendation. Marriages thus formed, of course, have not much affection in them. Women are married at 7 and 10 years of age and are grandmothers at 80. Such unwisely formed family associations do not imply much ardor of love. The family so poorly put together—who wonders that it is easily taken apart? And so I account for the absence of all signs of grief at the cremation of the Hindoos.

Benares is the capital of Hindooism and Buddhism, but Hindooism has trampled on Buddhism, the hoof of the one monster on the grizzly neck of the other monster. It is also the capital of filth, and the capital of malodors, and the capital of indolence. The Hindoos say they have 300,000,000 gods. Benares being the headquarters of these deities, you will not be surprised to find that the making of gods is a profitable business. Here there are carpenters making wooden gods, and brass workers making brass gods, and sculptors making stone gods, and potters making clay gods. I cannot think of the abominations practiced here without a recoil of stomach and a need of cologne. Although much is said about the carving on the temples of this city, everything is so vile that there is not much room left for the aesthetic. The devotees enter the temples nineteen-twentieths uncleaned and depart begging. All that

Hindooism can do for a man or woman it does here. Notwithstanding all that may have been said in its favor at the parliament of religions in Chicago, it makes man a brute and woman the lowest type of slave. I would rather be a horse or a cow or a dog in India than be a woman. The greatest disaster that can happen to a Hindoo is that he was born at all.

### A City of Illusions.

Benares is imposing in the distance as you look at it from the other side of the Ganges. The 47 ghats or flights of stone steps, reaching from the water's edge to the buildings high up on the banks, mark a place for the ascent and descent of the sublimities. The eye is lost in the bewilderment of towers, shrines, minarets, palaces and temples. It is the glorification of steps, the triumph of stairways. But looked at close by the temples, though large and expensive, are anything but attractive. The seeming gold in many cases turns out to be brass. The precious stones in the wall turn out to be paint. The marble is stucco. The slippery and disgusting steps lead you to images of horrible visage, and the flowers put upon the altar have their fragrance submerged by that which is the opposite of aromatics.

After you have seen the ghats the two great things in Benares that you must see are the Golden and Monkey temples. About the vast Golden temple there is not as much gold as would make an English sovereign. The air itself is asphyxiated. Here we see men making gods out of mud and then putting their hands together in worship of that which themselves have made. Sacred cows walk up and down the temple. Here stood a fakir with a right arm uplifted and for so long a time that he could not take it down, and the nails of the hand had grown until they looked like serpents winding in and around the palm.

The god of the Golden temple is Siva, or the poison god. Devils wait upon him. He is the god of war, of famine, of pestilence. He is the destroyer. He has around his neck a string of skulls. Before him bow men whose hair never knew a comb. They eat carrion and that which is worse. Bells and drums here set up a racket. Pilgrims come from hundreds of miles away, spending their last piece of money and exhausting their last item of strength in order to reach this Golden temple, glad to die in or near it and have the ashes of their bodies thrown into the Ganges.

### The Monkey Temple.

We took a carriage and went still farther on to see the Monkey temple, so called because in and around the building monkeys abound and are kept as sacred. All evolutionists should visit this temple devoted to the family from which their ancestors came. These monkeys chatter and wink and climb and look wise and look silly and have full possession of the place. We were asked at the entrance of the Monkey temple to take off our shoes because of the sacredness of the place, but a small contribution placed in the hands of an attendant resulted in a permission to enter with our shoes on. As the Golden temple is dedicated to Siva, the poison god, this Monkey temple is dedicated to Siva's wife, a deities that must be propitiated, or she will disease and blast and destroy. For centuries this spitfire has been worshiped. She is the goddess of scold and slap and temerarity. She is supposed to be a supernatural Xantippe; hence to her are brought flowers and rice, and here and there the flowers are spattered with the blood of goats slain in sacrifice.

As we walk today through this Monkey temple we must not hit or tease or hurt one of them. Two Englishmen years ago lost their lives by the maltreatment of a monkey. Passing along one of these Indian streets, a monkey did not soon enough get out of the way, and one of these Englishmen struck it with his cane. Immediately the people and the priests gathered around these strangers, and the public wrath increased until the two Englishmen were pounded to death for having struck a monkey. No land in all the world so reveres the monkey as India, as no other land has a temple called after it.

One of the rajahs of India spent 100,000 rupees in the marriage of two monkeys. A nuptial procession was formed in which moved camels, elephants, tigers, cattle and palanquins of richly dressed people. Bands of music sounded the wedding march. Dancing parties kept the night sleepless. It was 12 days before the monkey and monkeyess were free from their round of gay attentions. In no place but India could such a carnival have occurred. But, after all, while we cannot approve of the Monkey temple, the monkey is sacred to hilarity. I defy any one to watch a monkey one minute without laughter. Why was this creature made? For the world's amusement. The mission of some animals is left doubtful, and we cannot see the use of this or that quadruped or this or that insect, but the mission of the ape is certain—all around the world it entertains. Whether seated at the top of this temple in India or cutting up its antics on the top of a hand organ, it stirs the sense of the ludicrous, tickles the diaphragm into cackling, topples gravity into play and accomplishes that for which it was created. The eagle, and the lion, and the gazelle, and the robin no more certainly have their mission than has the monkey. But it implies a low form of Hindooism when this embodied mimicry of the human face is lifted into worship.

### An Obliging Fakir.

In one of the cities for the first time in my life I had an opportunity of talking with a fakir or a Hindoo who has renounced the world and lives on alms. He sat under a rough covering on a platform of brick. He was covered with the ashes of the dead and was at the time rubbing more of these ashes upon his arms and legs. He understood and spoke English. I said to him, "How long have you been seated here?" He replied, "Fifteen years." "Have those

destroy?" He said, "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

Question.—When people die, where do they go?

Answer.—That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven; if they have been doing evil, to hell.

Q.—But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?

A.—Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird, and if he is thinking of a cow he will go into a cow.

Q.—I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?

A.—He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years.

Q.—Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?

A.—Yes, you could.

Q.—How could I become a Hindoo?

A.—By doing as the Hindoos do.

But as I looked upon the poor, filthy wretch, bedaubing himself with the ashes of the dead, I thought the last thing on earth I would want to become would be a Hindoo. I expressed to a missionary who overheard the conversation between the fakir and myself my amazement at some of the doctrines the fakir announced. The missionary said, "The fakirs are very accommodating, and supposing you to be a friend of Christianity he announced the theory of one God, and that of rewards and punishments."

There are, however, alleviations for Benares. I attended worship in one of the Christian missions. The sermon, though delivered in Hindoostanee, of which I could not understand a word, thrilled me with its earnestness and tenderness of tone, especially when the missionary told me at the close of the service that he recently baptized a man who was converted through reading one of my sermons among the hills of India. The songs of the two Christian assemblies I visited in this city, although the tunes were new, and the sentiments not translated, were uplifting and inspiring to the last degree. There was also a school of 600 native girls, an institution established by a rajah of generosity and wealth, a graduate of Madras university. But, more than all, the missionaries are busy, some of them preaching on the ghats, some of them in churches, in chapels and bazaars. The London Missionary society has here its college for young men and its schools for children and its houses of worship for all. The Church Missionary society has its eight schools, all filled with learners. The evangelizing work of the Wesleyans and the Baptists is felt in all parts of Benares. In its mightiest stronghold Hindooism is being assailed.

### Maligned Missionaries.

And now as to the industrious malignment of missionaries: It has been said by some travelers after their return to America or England that the missionaries are living a life full of idleness and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. When strangers come into these tropical climates, the missionaries are their best to entertain them, making sacrifices for that purpose. In the city of Benares a missionary told me that, a gentleman coming from England into one of the mission stations of India, the missionaries banded together to entertain him. Among other things they had a ham boiled, prepared and beautifully decorated, and the same ham was passed around from house to house as this stranger appeared, and in other respects a conspiracy of kindness was effected. The visitor went home to England and wrote and spoke of the luxury in which the missionaries of India were living.

Americans and Englishmen come to these tropical regions and find a missionary living under palms and with different styles of fruits on his table and forget that palms are here as cheap as hickory or pine in America and rich fruits as cheap as plain apples. They find here missionaries sleeping under punkas, these fans swung day and night by coolies, and forget that 4 cents a day is good wages here, and the man finds himself. Four cents a day for a coachman, a missionary can afford to ride. There have been missionaries who have come to these hot climates resolving to live as the natives live, and one or two years have finished their work, their chief use on missionary ground being that of furnishing for a large funeral the chief object of interest. So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries now in the foreign field. Against fearful odds and with 8,000,000 of Christians opposed to 250,000,000 of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America and England and Scotland and all Christendom add 99 1/2 per cent to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate, and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves. But they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year, preaching the gospel of him who had not where to lay his head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your places, not on the thrones nearest the King. They are reserved for the missionaries!"

### Spread of Christianity.

Meanwhile let all Christendom be thrilled with gladness. About 25,000 converts in India every year under the Methodist missions, and about 25,000 converts under the Baptist missions, and

about 75,000 converts under all missions every year. But, more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city or town or neighborhood of India but directly or indirectly feels the influence, and the day speeds on when Hindooism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood in many places is being unloosed, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the funeral pyre on which the widow must leap has been extinguished, and the juggernaut, stopped, now stands as a curiosity for travelers to look at. All India will be taken for Christ. If any one has any disheartenments, let him keep them as his own private property. He is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragements to utter let him utter them. What we want in the church and the world is less croaking owls of the night and more morning larks, with spread wings ready to meet the advancing day. Fold up "Naomi" and "Windham" and give us "Ariel" or "Mount Pisgah" or "Coronation." I had the joy of preaching in many of the cities of India and seeing the dusky faces of the natives illumined with heavenly anticipations. In Calcutta, while the congregation were yet seated, I took my departure for a railroad train. I preached by the watch up to the last minute. A swift carriage brought me to the station not more than half a minute before starting. I came nearer to missing the train than I hope any one of us will come to missing heaven.

### RESCUED BY A BOXER.

The Adventure of an American Girl and Its Strange Denouement.

This term "respect," often applied to professional boxers, will seem very strange, and yet it is the only one which defines the prestige with which those heroes of pugilism are surrounded in the United States, writes Paul Bourget in "Outer Mer," in the Boston Herald. One of my lady friends here, to whom I was speaking of this enthusiasm, told me how she owed her life to one of the most famous boxers of the west and under circumstances so singular that it is worth while to report them in detail. She had dined and spent the evening in one of the suburbs of the large town which was then her home and was returning in her carriage when she had to cross a street which was full of threatening people. She had fallen into the turmoil of a big demonstration after a prolonged and painful strike. Her horses were compelled to stop. She put her head through the window out of curiosity, and an overwhelming clamor at once greeted her appearance. The gleam of the electricity which lighted the streets had just struck on some large diamonds which sparkled in her hair. This latter sign of luxury, added to the aspect of the brougham, the livery of the coachman and the footman, and the turn of the harness, raised the indignation of this famished crowd. Fists were extended; faces approached with insults in their mouths. "I had taken a long gold pin," said the young woman, "and I was resolved to strike at the eye of the first one who came too near."

At that moment, and when she believed herself to be in extreme danger, having only so feeble a weapon, she saw with terror a colossal form break through the ranks of the crowd, pushing people aside with so much authority that she took him for one of their chiefs. "Don't be frightened at those wretched people," said the man when he was near her. "I will see to it. Only tell your coachman to advance. The young woman once again leaned out of the window, but this time the terrible cry did not arise, and she gave her orders to her servants, who were overcome with fright on their seats. The brougham started, escorted by the unknown, who simply rested his hand on the edge of the window, and the crowd separated to let the equipage pass. Once beyond the strikers, the unknown saluted the lady. The coachman whipped up his horses and started off at full speed. The footman was still trembling all over as they reached the door of the house. "You may imagine that I was anxious to know by whom I had been saved," she continued, "but the two servants were Irishmen who had just arrived from Europe and who knew no body. The description which I gave to some of my friends who were acquainted with the personal appearance of the leaders of the strike did not answer to any of them. I had therefore given up the hope of knowing the name of that mysterious protector, whom I saw continually, with his thin face, haughty and martial, his domineering look and the ease, at once brutal and supple, of his movements.

"But fancy, seven or eight weeks later, as we found ourselves, my mother and I, in a shop buying furs, a disturbance broke out at the door. I saw my coachman off his seat and one of my horses on the ground, and a man, totally drunk, fighting with the police. I recognized my savior and at the same time found out his name and the extravagant exploit which he had just accomplished. It was John M. V., the celebrated boxer, who, under the influence of alcohol, had bet that he would fell a horse with his fist. Chance had it that this absurd wager brought him right in front of this store, and that he had just happened to strike one of my horses. I was able to acquit myself, at all events to a certain extent, of my debt toward him by preventing them from prosecuting him for his act, although he did not run the risk of being condemned to a severe punishment. He was too popular."

### Near at Hand.

Stately Bowler (upgrading woman's rights)—I tell you, Miss Bluntly, the day is surely coming—

Miss Bluntly (glancing significantly at the clock)—You are right, Mr. Bowler. It can't be more than an hour or two away, I'm positive.—Buffalo Courier.



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### Legal.

PROBATE COURTS AND COURTS OF INSOLVENCY—BRADFORD DISTRICT 1896-97. Probate Courts and Courts of Insolvency within and for said district will hold the ensuing year as follows:—

Bradford—At J. H. Watson's office in Bradford on the second Tuesdays of every month, commencing January 17th, 1897.

Corinth—At the Hotel in East Corinth on the third Wednesdays of June, August and October.

West Fairlee—At the Probate office in West Fairlee on the last Saturday of every month.

S. M. GLEASON, Judge. Theoford Centre, Vt., Dec. 1, 1896.

### Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the district of Vt., commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against the estate of Cynthia Norris late of Vershire in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid at F. D. Richardson's store in Vershire, on the 6th day of Jan. and 24th day of May next from 10 o'clock a. m. until 3 o'clock p. m. of said days and six months from the 24th day of Nov., A. D., 1896, is the time limited by said court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Vershire, this 26th day of Nov., A. D., 1896.

B. F. FULLER, F. D. RICHARDSON, Comm.

### Harrison Cheney's Will.

STATE OF VERMONT, Bradford District, ss. In Probate Court held at Bradford within and for said district on the 17th day of Dec., A. D., 1896. An instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Harrison Cheney late of Newbury, in said district deceased being presented to court by Anne H. Cheney, the executrix named therein for Probate: It is ordered by said court that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said court to be held at Bradford, in said district, on the 8th day of January, A. D., 1897, and show cause if any they may have against the probate of said will; for which purpose it is further ordered that a copy of the record of the order be published three weeks successively in the United Opinion, a newspaper printed at Bradford in this state, previous to said time of hearing.

By the Court, Attest, S. M. GLEASON, Judge.

### F. M. Jones' Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, Bradford District, ss. In Probate Court held at Theoford in said district on the 17th day of Dec., A. D., 1896. Charlotte Jones Administratrix of the estate of F. M. Jones late of Theoford in said district deceased presents her administration account for examination and allowance and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon it is ordered by said court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof to be held at Theoford in said district on the 15th day of Jan. A. D., 1897, for hearing and decision thereon. And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested by publication of the same three weeks successively in the United Opinion a newspaper published at Bradford previous to said time of hearing that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, Attest, S. M. GLEASON, Judge.

### S E Davis' Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, Bradford District, ss. In Probate Court held at Bradford, in said district on the 17th day of Dec., A. D., 1896. L. J. Heath Administratrix of the estate of S. E. Davis late of Fairlee, in said district, deceased presents her administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon it is ordered by said court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof to be held at Bradford in said district on the 8th day of Jan., A. D., 1897, for hearing and decision thereon. And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested by publication of the same three weeks successively in the United Opinion a newspaper published at Bradford previous to said time of hearing that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, Attest, S. M. GLEASON, Judge.

### Clairinda B. Still's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Bradford, ss. In Probate Court held at Theoford, in said district on the 6th day of Dec., A. D., 1896. L. D. Parker, Adm'r. of the estate of Clairinda B. Still late of West Fairlee in said district deceased presents her administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon it is ordered by said court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof to be held at Theoford in said district on the 31st day of Dec., A. D., 1896, for hearing and decision thereon. And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested by publication of the same three weeks successively in the United Opinion a newspaper published at Bradford previous to said time of hearing that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, Attest, S. M. GLEASON, Judge.

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## PATENTS.

### NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and workshop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appliances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, is ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, to prepare and prosecute applications for patents, including mechanical inventions, designs, patents, trade marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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